

THE 1490. de. 15

COALITIONIST.

A

S A T I R E.

Nimium ne crede Colori ;—sed si decipi vult populus—desipiatur.

L O N D O N :

Printed for the Author: and sold by J. MURRAY, No. 32, Fleet Street ;
J. JOHNSON, St. Paul's Church Yard ; J. SEWEL, Cornhill ; R.
BLAMIRE, the Corner of Northumberland Street, Strand ; and
R. FAULDER, New Bond Street.

[PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.]

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The author, however weak the efforts of his muse, could
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 should be happy to be convinced that any good could
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 justice to future generations commands him to preserve.

To the PUBLIC.

THAT the annals of history cannot furnish us with
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 forth *their exertions*—and that the rights of the people
 must be maintained by their own fortitude and attention.

The author, however weak the efforts of his muse, could wish to have the force of his reasoning taken off; and should be happy to be convinced that any good could possibly arise from a combination, which he considers as shameful in its formation, and likely to become detrimental in its progression, to that cause, which must warm the heart of every true Briton who views his country and its privileges, as the blessing of Heaven, and a birthright justice to future generations commands him to preserve.

THAT the annals of history cannot furnish us with a more universal combination than has taken place lately in our political hemisphere, is, I believe, the opinion of all men: nor indeed can they reflect upon it without some degree of horror and dread for the consequences.

When verisimilitude appears obviously in the conduct of any individual, especially in matters of such magnitude as national welfare, it is to be feared, that former principles, if any ever really existed, which were supposed to give rise to action, are either totally altered, or totally obliterated; particularly where an union is formed between men who have seemed to execrate each other—and who have openly avowed that their ideas of government have been mutually inconsistent. These considerations have given rise to the following poem, in order to show;—That a party can only stand on a tottering foundation, if it is not supported by the Government, and is to be depended upon for its support;—that virtuous men, in the instance which calls forth this caution—and that the rights of the people must be maintained by their own fortitude and attention.

COALITIONIST.

SATIRE.

POET.

— **F**OR shame! for shame!
Domestic Pleasure never—never name,
In times like these; when civil discord reigns,
When mad confusion sober thought disdains;
Or dark suspicion prowls from man, to man,
Warps every thought, and weakens every plan;
When men to power themselves attempt to raise,
By public phrenzy, not by public praise.

Domestic Pleasure! trifling gewgaw! rest,
Nor, fondly soothing, seize a Monarch's breast;

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Fly to the bosom of some languid fair,
Pour forth thy treasures, let them center there.

In times like these, when haughty Faction springs,
And proudly awes the cabinet of kings,
In deepest colors painting every woe:
No softer joys a Monarch's breast should know,
Than, greatly daring in the public cause,
To save our freedom, and defend our laws,
Those laws, by which a happy people live,
Under whose pow'r protection they receive.
What is a King?

FRIEND. Not more than man.

POET. What then?

FRIEND. Must he not taste the joys of rustic men?
Distress'd with cares to meaner breasts unknown,
Curs'd with a crown, a sceptre, and a throne,
With fond caresses must he never dwell?
Against his feelings must each sense rebel?
Ne'er from the shock of jarring faction steal,
To taste the joys which other fathers feel?

The social intercourse—the friend sincere,
 The cheering smile—the sympathetic tear;
 The blooming progeny—the tender wife,
 And all the milder joys of humble life?

POET. In times like these, when parties, keen for pow'r,
Like wolves at war, each other would devour;
 When the black mischief swells on every side,
 And factious clouds the face of Honor hide;
 When fell Ambition rears its bloody crest,
 And plants the dagger in a nation's breast—
 What are these trifling tricks of toying ease?
Domestic pleasure! 'Tis the soul's disease;
 Left to the meaner of the little Great,
 Who buzz, grow pert, and prattle in the State,
 The pride of pow'r to these should callous grow;
 Not faintly bloom, but *in full colors glow;*
 In peals of thunder royal rage should ring,
 Desert the man, and speak alone the King.

The mind's true firmness noble deeds conceives,
 By strong exertions noble deeds achieves.

In Pleasure's sickly path the man that's bred,
 On Folly's fair delicious fruit is fed;

Wanders in flow'ry meads, or myrtle groves,
 Pursues a squirrel, or the nymph he loves;
 To Dissipation's witchcraft gives the soul,
 And drowns his senses in a senseless bowl;
 Fond of the wanton, or convivial hour,
 To wine and women delegates his pow'r;
 Creeps from the world to throw a doubtful main,
 Bubble of dice, the conquest of Champaign;
 The feast of gay variety he courts,
 And time-consuming trifles form his sports;
 To all the group, as wav'ring passion tends,
 His pamper'd appetite by turns he bends.
 In common men th' indulgence of the times
 Winks at such faults,—in Princes they are crimes;
 If such there be, who luxury prefer,
 And sacrifice thought, time, and pow'r to her,
 When war, sedition, and the crimes of state,
 The vitals of a kingdom penetrate.

Suspecting villains, sheltered by the shade
 Of dreary night, your castle should invade,
 And plunge their falchions in your servants' breast;
 Would you, inactive, still supinely rest?

In Pleasure's sickly path the man that's bred,
 On Folly's fair delicious fruit is fed;

'Cause love of pleasure riots thro' your veins,
And indolence activity disdains;
Because sunk slothful in the arms of bliss,
Drench'd in full joy, and fetter'd with a kiss;
Think you, their blood's not sprinkled on your head?
For you they're plunder'd, and for you they bled.

Tho' Heav'n allows all innocent delight,
'Tis circumstance oft stamps it wrong or right.
Thro' life, the timorous man, who unobserv'd
Creeps quiet from no social duty's swerv'd,
Midst Honor's sons, as proudly as the best,
May claim his right with private virtue blest;
Let him write sonnets—trifle with his cat,
Talk to his parrot, and—no matter what;
He breaks no law, observes each just decree,
A harmless member of society.

Not so with Warriors, Heroes, Princes, Kings,
They e'er should soar on *public Virtue's wings*;
Launch'd into life, see thousands in their trains,
Their will alone directs, their pow'r maintains;
When danger threatens the dependent herd,
Then general good should only be prefer'd;

From every heart be banish'd selfish thought,
Who dares refuse—say—acts he as he ought?

Absorb'd in pleasure every man's a slave;
'Tis glorious conquest forms the wise and brave—

Absorb'd in pleasure every man's a fool,
When vicious habits make him Passion's tool.

Left to himself each man may act alone,

His virtues and his vices are his own;

The pleasure his, whatever joy they bring;

The mis'ry his, however sharp the sting;

The more extensive than a Prince's trust,

More has he cause to act minutely just;

Think for himself *not first*, but last, of all,

Rise with his people, for his people fall.

And shall we say, when millions ask for aid,

He's just whom Pleasure lures within her shade,

'Cause private virtue in his bosom's sown,

Buds in his heart, and blossoms round his throne?

FRIEND. So private virtue here you rank offence,
Banish the cherub—what's the consequence?

POET. You err. In *common* life I love its use,
In *public* life I censure its abuse.
'Tis said, of evils ever chuse the least;
Of what is good, I say, *select the best*.

FRIEND. Sure venial is the error, if at all
By such a name we dare the blessing call,
A King without it would be vicious found;
Without it public worth could not abound.
In regal robes let Vice appear, alas!
Her coin would thro' the kingdom current pass;
So much for fashion ev'ry rank contends,
That vice at court in cottages finds friends.
Happy for us, in this our native Isle
Our ROYAL PAIR bids Virtue gayly smile;
Placid she looks, serene with ev'ry grace,
A bright example to a rising race.

POET. 'Tis not enough a Monarch's heart should be
From Vice's curse determinately free.
By active courage nations have been won;
By passive virtue nations been undone.
What makes the difference if we fall thro' Fear,
Or sink to nought 'fore Faction's mad career?

What makes the difference then, if lordly Elves,
 Or ranc'rous Commons think but for themselves?
 To private rapine public virtues yield,
 And we the slaves, *whoever keeps the field.*

What makes the difference, if the bustling game
 'Twixt Whig and Tory should be just the same?
 Plunder's the Patriot, *now*, which gives the blow,
 Plunder, the patriot of high church and low.
 And whence the source? perhaps our present woes,
 Nor think it strange, from private virtue flows—
 Supinely good, she, like a love-sick maid,
 Fond of the rural, solitary glade;
 Feeds on her sighs—to babbling Eccho sings,
 Courts every soothing joy Contentment brings;
 To hungry pilots leaves the tott'ring Realm,
 Pride at the prow, and av'rice at the helm;
 Torn with divisions, knave with knave contending;
 Changing, re-changing ever—*never* mending;
 Confounding and confus'd, for ever wrong,
 And nought, but Truth a stranger to each tongue.
 Here private virtue damps all public spirit,
 That noble flame a Monarch should inherit.

On principles e'er while our fathers stood,
Maintain'd their honest principles with blood;
Smil'd at the ax, nor trembled at the stroke,
But principles are now a standing joke—
'Tis In and Out creates the constant pother,
A Rogue when In, when Out's *a worthy* Brother.

A Whig to-day you'll see the child of sorrow,
His darling Country bleeds, Ah me! to-morrow,
With place or promise blest in Tory list,
Smirking, you'll see him cramm'd *i' th' very midst*.
Ask him the cause of this eccentric change,
This rash revolt—revolt so very strange?
Why herd with men the fatal stab who'd give,
And curse their country with prerogative?
Prerogative! that goblin, imp of Hell,
'Gainst which our fathers fought, our fathers fell.
“ His once-loved doctrine,” he declares, “ mistake;
“ He changed his party for *his Country's sake*;
“ Taught by some Pow'r divine—he knew not how;
“ But such great Pow'r there's no resisting now;
“ He'd just found out, that principles pursued
“ *Too nicely*, center not in *public Good*;

- " Too warmly, many dangerous mischiefs bring :
 " That *blending* principles was *now the Thing* ;
 " To save our Country's right—but he must own,
 " Support should be *extended to the Crown*.
 " Curtailing of its pow'r, he could not see
 " Of what prodigious use it *now* would be ;
 " And without that all Opposition's vain,
 " *Why rouse a People, give a Monarch pain ?*"

Thus they jog on, nor blush, whatever passes,
 Ride their Constituents—as pedlars asses,
 Load 'em with lumber to *St. Stephen's Fair*,
 And bowing beg they'd drop their burthen there ;
 For on that spot, *that favour'd Spot*, they thought
 Their brittle ware would be *most freely* bought.

Such then our patriots, such the motley crew,
 Who stamp our Freedom black, or white, or blue ;
 Hunt down prerogative whene'er they will,
 And please the people with a gilded pill :
 Or set it up, all's one, as tickles most,
 The side on which *their Virtue's* taken post.—
 Like Quacks of higher sphere erect a stall,
 The floor of which they Patriotism call,

With nostrums spread it thickly o'er and o'er,
With cures for ev'ry ach, for every sore;
Their virtues tell with senatorial roar;
With stories wond'rous strange, and wond'rous loud,
Harrangue and bubble thus the gaping croud.

Let me not wander, for my story must,
In ev'ry tittle, be exactly just.
Most corporated bodies have a head,
No matter, or like marble, wood, or lead;
Sages in argument, tho' somewhat warm,
Have proved those best, which do the smallest harm.
These quacks embodied too, observe the rule;
A head they have of their empiric school,
Like Cataline's; so say the brotherhood,
And swear, its neither marble, lead, nor wood.
As such he mounts his temporary stage,
There you may here him stamp, and storm, and rage;
There see him stare, broil, foam, and clinch his fists,
And grace each word with Demosthenic twists.
Beauties allow'd t'enforce, THE WHY, THE HOW,
THE HAS BEEN, MUST BE, WILL BE SHALL BE NOW.
His tale observe, not Henley, from his tub,
With nicer art could rouse Sedition's Mob.

" Lo! here's your doctor with his medicines rare,
 " *Which cost him life's long labor to prepare,*
 " Gape, gulp, and swallow;—no wry faces make,
 " I give 'em gratis—for your body's sake
 " *All this I do—then never be afraid,*
 " Your health restor'd, my fee is amply paid.

" Your Eyes they'll clear, you'll see as I would have you,
 " *And without that, no living soul can save you.*
 " Depend on me, for they will purge your brain,
 " *And of once thinking save you all the pain.*

" Your torpid Spirit rouse, new-string each nerve,
 " *And these for Riot, when you chuse, will serve;*
 " They should be always kept in brimful measure,
 " *And proper tone, that you may use at pleasure.*

" They'll in your Liver open every Sluice,
 " And make your choler (that delicious juice)
 " Flow in full streams, like rapid torrents pour,
 " *On those I wish to see your Vengeance show'r.*

" Your Spleen, as Covent Garden, was it large,
 " With turbid blood, they'll instantly discharge.

“ Hence will your tongues in nimble motions play,
“ Your lungs, unhurt, may rattle thro’ the day.
“ O! what a blessing! to each soul you meet,
“ In Cellar, Chop-house, Church, or open Street;
“ You can disgorge th’offensive load within :
“ I’ll make it *acrid*, and I’ll make it *thin*.—

“ Then gape, and swallow ; now the moment seize ;
“ The times are sickly, purge away disease.

“ The *College royal* hate me, call me Quack,
“ Strain every nerve—their Brains to crush me rack ;
“ Abuse my nostrums ; yet I’ll ne’er repine,
“ Be your’s the profit, *be the torture mine*.
“ Howe’er severe the tyrant mandate’s given
“ ’Gainst me, *I love the cordial—think it Heav’n*.

“ For *you* I’ve lost ten thousand fees, and more—
“ What matter if I’d lost *ten thousand score* ?
“ The sum is trivial ; Heav’n, deep-searching, knows
“ My all I’d barter for such *Friend’s Repose* :
“ To you my heart, my soul’s so firmly join’d,
“ The dross I’d scatter to the whistling wind ;

E

" If *for your good* the Perquisite was paid:

" Then gape, and swallow—never be afraid.

" No *palsied* branch must wither on the stock,

" No nerve shall tremble, e'en tho' Thunder spoke;

" No dire vertigo whirl the room around,

" But all *be firm, be vig'rous, and be sound*:

" Whilst *I'm your Doctor* never be afraid,

" I'll shortly spoil the hypocritic trade;

" I'll hunt to death the diplomatique tribe,

" Nor stop my course—*e'en for a Nabob's bribe*;

" Above such dirty stuff, I live secure,

" *My hands are clean, my heart untouched and pure*;

" Devoted to your wish my soul shall be

" Virtue's great Self, *not her Epitome*.

" If e'er to Consultation I am drawn

" *With those who herd with Scotts, or Scottish spawn—*

" If e'er in council I lift up my voice,

" With those, who are not *your determin'd Choice—*

" If e'er with *one, I've mark'd above the Rest,*

" Whom all must shudder at, whom all detest;

" Whose curs'd prescriptions long have play'd the devil,

" Loaded the frame with every kind of evil,

- " Cancers, Paralyfes, Consumptions, *Yaws**;
 " Numbers with Fevers, numbers *with lock'd Jaws*;
 " The very constitution at the root,
 " Who's sapp'd with *Pomum Aureum's* pois'nous fruit—
 " If e'er with him in *any Act* I close;
 " Or to *assist my Friends*, or hurt my foes:
 " Let me branded for a selfish Knave,
 " *Apostate*, Plunderer, Hireling, Pander, Slave;
 " Let Rage vindictive pour her currents forth,
 " Call me Affassin, and my Title—N---h."

Pleased with the cunning sounds, the rabble rout
 Fling high in air their caps, like mad men shout;
 Whilst he, for fear lest strong contempt should rise,
 And dart a ray from his satyric eyes;
 (For well it's known, Quack-Orators of late
 But bawl for food, yet *fools, who give it, bate*)
 Lest trammel'd Ridicule her sneer should shew,
 Wipes his fat face, and makes a Statesman's bow.

FRIEND. Deceit so flagrant ne'er can long prevail;
 A child of Observation cannot fail,

* A Disease common in America.

However low he's placed, if all be true,
 So plain, so pointedly describ'd by you,
 To strip th'Impostor of his borrow'd Skin,
 And see what monster 'tis that lurks within.

POET. When sons of Necromancy take in hand
 The cup and ball, and wave the magic wand;
 When to the public eye they turn buffoons,
 Drink flaming pitch, eat fire, and swallow spoons;
 Do not men hood-wink'd, *mimic art believe,*
 And shadows for realities receive?
 Nor can we wonder that Deceit should thrive,
 For Folly keeps the bubble Farce alive;
 The quick deception pleases as its play'd,
 And more than conj'rors *live by Tricks of Trade,*
 Why should we wonder then at Statesmen's tricks?
 They're forcerers all in modern politics.
 Hey, presto! quick, the sound scarce strikes the ear,
 A *roaring Patriot* view a *Pensioner*—
 A Lord, a Duke;—a country 'Squire, a Knight,
 A Judge a knave,—a Priest a parasite:
 Nay more, so wond'rous is these jugglers' skill,
 Lawn sleeves and perriwigs—just what you will.

Why should we wonder then at tricks of state?
 'Tis Conjurat'ion all, of ancient date;
 The system truly has been long the same,
 By *modern* genius tho' *improved the game*.
 'Tis not enough the various arts to try,
 And int'rest make with int'rest shrewdly vie;
 Display superior talents, slip a card,
 To profit friends, whose actions claim reward;
 That the broad basis, where they firmly stood,
 Shou'd be productive *now* of public good.
 At all events, whatever may succeed,
 Whatever gen'ral curse await the deed,
 To aid their private, not their public schemes,
 In union close they must cement extremes.
 Tory with whig, and whig with tory jumble;
 Both *rise* together, or together *tumble*:
 Prerogative and liberty *both* trot,
 Amble, and gallop, on the *self-same spot*.
 Nor cross, nor jostle thro' the rugged way:
 What less is this than conjuration, say?

FRIEND. With principles they sure shou'd fall or rise,

POET. All principle, believe me, they despise.

Else could not contrarieties unite,
 Whose leading principles are wrong, or right;
 Whose principles as *widely* different are,
 As earth from heav'n, as blasphemy from pray'r.

That men I grant, may, with respect to modes,
 Vary, and to one point take different roads:
 Two grave physicians on a leake, or onion,
 Warmly I've known to differ in opinion,
 Like casuists argue; logically squabble,
 And to *confound*, in Greek or Latin gabble;
 Produce authorities, and freely quote
 Long sentences, *which authors never wrote*,
Their fame to raise—the fact is doubtless true,
 For health is always *not their constant view*—
 When Anasarca, with her direful train
 Pour'd forth her fountains from each hidden vein;
 And nature, sick'ning with her limpid load,
 Scarce hover'd o'er her once much-loved abode.
 'Twas not on principles the doctors split,
 These sons of Galen the true source had hit;
 'Twas leake or onion *form'd the grand debate*,
 Which would defer, which stop the arm of fate.

Two rev'ren'd sons of purple and lawn sleeves
Whom *pride provokes not*, whom *no passion greives*,
From envy free, of vict'ry no desire,
Save such as holy angels might inspire;
Prompted by *heav'nly influence*, we have seen,
Oe'r Moses's legation spit their spleen;
'Twas not that one, or t'other would deny,
The fountain whence it sprung, the deity;
The mode of proving such, the sacred theme,
'Caus'd the grave contest, and *the learned dream*.

When men imbibe opinions built on fact,
On different scales they may securely act:
But when imagination takes the lead,
And whim directs the judgement, then indeed,
Bewilder'd ever, *ever in the dark*,
Knowledge their object, they ne'er hit the mark.

Tell me that York's i'th' North—'tis true—confest;
It is no crime to reach it East or West;
But shou'd I wander South, ne'er make a turn,
Must I not feel the galling taunts of scorn?

A mad fanatic, and deistic Peer
Determin'd both to drive their full career,
And heav'n their wish, we will suppose it so,
For Peers may wish like other men below:
Think you, in all their travel, they wou'd join,
Or ever tread throughout one gen'ral line?
Sure no! The cause? Their principles divide,
These point their passage, these there footsteps guide.

As certain 'tis that whig and tory should
Ne'er draw together for the gen'ral good;
What one approves, the other sure condemns;
They on the bosom sail of adverse streams.
One to the crown wou'd give monarchic sway,
His creed in one small word consists—OBEY.
To what *e'en tyrants wish'd* wou'd bend the knee,
The abject creature of servility.
Without one faint idea of his own,
His idol, nay his very God's the throne.
A monarch's lackey, or Oh! deadly stain!
A minion's minion, and a kingdom's bane.
Painful the thought—that *now*, in British veins,
Of such rank poison e'en one drop remains.

May the heart bleed, by honest daggers bleed,
And the tongue rot, which such a cause wou'd plead.
Better we fall, and drop to native dust,
Than live the slave of any tyrant's lust.
O! let us breathe sweet freedom's purest air,
And for her sake *excess of torture* bear;
Rouze ev'ry atom of each active soul,
Till mad enthusiasm fires the whole;
Rather than see Britannia's darling child,
By *traitors shackl'd*, and by *slaves revil'd*.

Yet such the spirit of the Tory Band,
Confusion they wou'd scatter o'er the land;
Raise mobs for riot, sack a kingdom's wealth,
By open rapine, plunder, or by stealth;
Be *boldly daring*, secret, and be mean,
Be any thing their purpose to obtain:
Tho' England's barrier, MAGNA CHARTA, lives,
And pow'r alone to Britain's princes gives.

On other ground the Whig depends, we hope,
If not, kind Heav'n! supply him with a rope;
He stands, *or ought to stand*, the people's friend,
Of all his actions, liberty the end.

Not that, which wild Democracy lets loose,
 When hell-born *faction* wou'd the mind seduce;
 In every ear, which treason loudly rings,
 And the mad rabble makes as great as kings:
 Not that, when states are in confusion whirl'd
 Controul disdains, and sweeps a trembling world,
 Tramples on pow'r, its laws indignant spurns,
 And all distinction tofly-turvy turns.

That liberty, I wou'd be understood,
 Which Heav'n ordains for *universal good*;
 In *social bonds* which ties its vot'ries down,
 Limits *alike the subject and the crown*;
 In order just, which makes unvarying move,
 A PRINCE'S GLORY WITH A PEOPLE'S LOVE.

That liberty, which envying world's admire,
 And plants, in British hearts, its sacred fire;
 Whene'er monarchic knaves shou'd boldly dare,
 'Gainst this, our earthly God, themselves declare;
 Whene'er by any deep concerted scheme,
 However fair, to common eyes they seem;
 By Caledonian pow'r, or by deceit,
 Whene'er successfully they play the cheat;

To gain one step, the people's right t'invade,
For force and treach'ry oft they've call'd in aid.
The Whig, who then supinely stands and views,
The sly encroachment creeping, nor pursues;
Who sees the tyrants bolder in intent,
Flush'd with fond hope, on conquest strongly bent,
Nor tries, with all his ardor to confound
And crush their plans, his very heart's unsound.

Our charter's guardians worthless wou'd appear,
E'en racks cou'd give no torture too severe,
If delegated pow'r inactive stood,
And left such foes rebellious, unsubdued.

Freedom the triumph of Britannia's foil,
Ne'er drops a tear but at her children's guile;
Of states confed'rate bears their mightiest shock,
Bold as a lion, steadfast as a rock;
When warring waves around destruction spread,
Break on its sides and whiten o'er its head—
Convoy'd by her, thro' woods and wilds I'd stray,
Pleas'd with the dangers of the dubious way,
Sooner than live beneath a tyrant's frown,
Where pleasure flows, and poverty's unknown.

And must we then, like timid slaves behold,
Britannia fair now bleed for sordid gold?
Must we behold her avarice's dupe,
To venal villains ignominious stoop?
Must we behold her (down distracting thought!)
Like her own bird at market, sold and bought?
What is it less, when contradictions join?
'Tis selfish meanness forms the foul design.
From selfish meanness rose our black cabal,
Which knaves to soften Coalition call.

Pursue the steps this wretched junto trod,
On fraud, not firmness, they've to greatness rode;
When at a distance from their prospects cast,
As if some pow'r their hopes resolved to blast:
'Twas freedom then, and then the people's right,
The great grand cause which seem'd their souls delight:
Adorned with these, 'twas then persuasion hung,
Flowed in full streams from ev'ry well-taught tongue;
'Twas then the public voice, AMBITION'S SON,
Mounted the ministerial race to run;
In pointed tones sarcastically strong,
In speeches keen, elaborately long;

In varied modes, as best his purpose suited,
Bawl'd he on hustings, at St. Stephen's doubted.
Whatever different range invention took,
Chairman or senator whene'er he spoke,
Whether he chose the people's rage to rouse,
The western cause intrepidly espouse;
Or shew the terrors of the Lictor's ax,
Exert his lungs against a petty tax;
Whether he rattled forth the threats of death,
Whilst insurrection, from his baneful breath,
On tip-toe standing, sniffed the noxious smoke,
Its arm just rais'd to give the fatal stroke.

Whether 'mongst men, who something had to lose,
Who consequences weigh'd; he rather chose
To plan intrigues, associations form,
Prepare them for the democratic storm;
Their ready minds then artfully inflame,
His fix'd conclusion always was the same.

“ A Tory list of ministers are in—
“ They must be out—or else the grand machine
“ Of government, which faintly moves, must stop,
“ And the whole nation into ruin drop.”

Subtly thro' every public snare he moved,
 Whilst millions trembling, wonder'd, and approv'd.
 Skill'd in the various arts which statesmen learn,
 Too deep for moral honor to discern;
 Too deep for reason, not to courts inclined,
 For common honesty too much refined.
 Onward he rushed, the idol of the croud,
 Vain of their leader,—of their **TARQUIN** proud.

Cou'd we suppose this bold, this bustling man,
 Shou'd ever err from his adopted plan?
 Wou'd form an union, where abuse has shed
 Such show'rs malicious on a brother's head;
 Brothers they are, nor think the title wrong,
 The tie by state iniquity made strong,
 Wou'd form an union—against which we know,
 So oft he'd sworn (but what's a broken vow?
 A ware in which all statesmen freely deal,
 "Gainst which in honor's court there's no appeal).
 An union, from whose with'ring branch the fruit
 Must drop unripe, for discord's at the root;
 It must be so, twixt them there's ever been
 Of rage and rancor, one unvaried scene.

For head nor heart was e'er allowed to be
From foul, from horrid accusations free;
You'd thought from Infamy their breath they drew,
And lived the guilty heroes of her crew.

Shou'd form an union on whose very base
Enthroned sit ruin, mischief, and disgrace.
In terms severe 'gainst which all ranks exclaim,
E'en dotards sneer,—and infants lisp forth shame.

FRIEND. When men in bonds so fatal are combin'd,
What can we think?

POET. 'Tis plain, their prey's mankind,
Party's a post horse, all may mount who chuse;
The grooms are gamblers,—and the jockeys Jews.
The *****, that I leave for you to guess,
A den of thieves or very little less;
For plunder, not from principle, where most
Of this abandon'd—this perfidious host,
Creep in, like Shakespear's selfish, shuffling Jack,
And sell their honor for a cup of sack---
For less the People's Rights, O! shameless guile!
A Statesman's promise,—or a Minion's smile.

Let's drop the curtain--and ourselves defend,
 On miscreant Ministers let fools depend.
 For Prudence bids us this conclusion draw,
 FREEDOM'S A LAMB WITHIN THE LION'S PAW;
 FREEDOM--THAT STAKE, TO MANKIND EVER DEAR,
 AND ONLY GUARDED BY A PEOPLE'S CARE.



S. I. N. I. F.

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